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MARJORIE'S PERIL.

A True Story of the Bush of Tamashaki.

BY MARY LOCKWOOD.

In the latter part of August, a few years ago, one of Her Majesty's brave Highland regiments, fresh from England by sea, landed at Durban, the flourishing sea-port of the Province of Natal, on the south-east coast of the African continent, and several companies were immediately ordered up country to a frontier post, a little fort at Tamashaki, upon the confines of the Transvaal and Zululand.

The soldiers first went by rail and coach to Pietermaritzburg, the pretty little capital of Natal, fifty-five miles from Durban, and so far the journey was very pleasant; but the rest of the way, over bad roads, in waggons or afoot, was so rough and wearisome that many of the men left their wives and children at Pietermaritzburg; for it was rumored that their stay would not be long at Tamashaki, and, besides, it was a queer sort of a place for women and children. But Sergeant McLeod would not leave his one motherless bairn behind, for he never felt easy when Marjorie was away from him. His men were not sorry to have her come, either, the bonnie little Scottish lassie; for she was a great pet with them all, because she was so Scottish, and wholesome, and blithe, with her dimples and auburn curls, and merry gray eyes, and winsome ways. Then, too, she was a useful little lass, though only eight years old, and could darn the hose and sew buttons on, and sweep the room, and boil the porridge, as well as many an older person.

The fort at Tamashaki had been intended in the beginning for a Zulu village, and, perhaps, was the uncanniest spot a little Scottish girl ever called "home." It was just a collection of thatched mudhuts built around a large court-yard used for the parade-ground, inclosed by a circular fence of high bamboo canes, stuck upright into the ground very close to one another, and bound together with withes. There was no gate, but the circle was brought round so that the ends of the fence overlapped at the entrance, in such a way as to prevent passers-by from seeing into the court. There was a sentinel stationed at the first entrance, who paced the ground where the gate should have been day and night, and Captain Knobel meant to have a gate made just as soon as he could procure the necessary material from the nearest Dutch settlement in the Transvaal.

Four or five days after the arrival of the new troops at Tamashaki, Sergeant McLeod was ordered off with his men on an expedition to buy food, and lumber for the necessary repairs. This would take him one whole day, so he left his Maidie, as he called her, in the charge of Private Brown's wife. She was very kind to the child, and kept her close by her all the morning. But after dinner Mrs. Brown was summoned to see a sick woman, and Maidie, left to her own devices, got tired of darning her father's socks, and thought she would go look for Victoria Albertina, the solemn white cat one of the soldiers had given her at Durban. So she strayed into the parade-ground, before the hut, but the Queen's namesake had gone on a scout after some African mouse, and was nowhere to be seen. The inclosure was very quiet; the hot afternoon sun had driven every one under shelter except the man on guard, who, in his white havelock, was cuddling the shade, and just creeping along up and down the narrow passage between the fences. But Marjorie did not mind the sun; children seldom do.



THE LIONS' DRINKING PLACE.

But before Marjorie reached Robbie's retreating form, a new brilliant idea occurred to her: Why should not she go out for a walk? She had not taken one since her father went with her to hear the band play in the public garden at Pietermaritzburg; and, strange to say, Sergeant McLeod had never thought to forbid her venturing beyond the post alone, the possibility of her doing it probably never having occurred to him.

"I'll jist gang fetch my hat," she quickly decided, "and try to find a pretty brook, and some floors for my daddy, to gie him the nicht." Then full of her fine plans, she skipped into McLeod's hut, and reached her brown hat down from its peg, and tied it over her tawny curls, when it suddenly occurred to her that her daddy might be home before her, so, like the thoughtful little house-wife that she was, she spread the table and set out the bowl of "parritch," in readiness for him, with great care, then danced out past the sleepy guard—who happened to be at the far end of his beat.

Marjorie made her way as fast as her little feet could carry her across the stretch of scorching sand that lay between the fort and the inviting shade of the bush. The afternoon sun still rode high in the cloudless heavens, and not a sound was heard but the whirring of insects in the sand, as Maidie sprang with a cry of delight into an opening in the thicket of acacia, or white thorn trees, which bordered the arid plain. She already spied some lovely little flowers growing close to the ground not far off. They were gloxinias, pale blue, pink and white, and she soon gathered her apron full of them.

"What a beautiful posy I'll mak' my daddy!" she thought, delightedly. But, as she penetrated deeper into the bush, she forgot the pale gloxinias in her excitement over the treasures that opened to her view, and dropped half of them as she made her way along, marking her path through the wood by flowers, as Hop-o'-my-Thumb did by pebbles in the nursery tale. She felt so happy in the woods, it seemed to her as if she could do anything, as she sprang from stone to stone or pressed her rosy cheek against the soft, thick moss, or buried her eager little nose in the white corolla of a lily.

On and on she strayed, playing she was a fairy and singing, loudly: "Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen," until she fairly set a monkey, far above her in an ebony-tree, chattering back; but she was too busy to hear him. Presently, she came to a rock, some few hundred paces from the river, projecting over a pool of clear, but very dark-looking water. On the rock grew some beautiful air-plants with scarlet flowers, the inside of their gay cups lined with lemon-color. In the soft sand, near this pool, were many great foot-prints—the lions had been there to drink at night.

Maidie, in reaching over to get one of the brilliant flowers, dropped her hat in the pool, and, do what she might, could not reach it again. She could have cried to see her pretty brown basket, piled full of lilies and ferns, floating off from her; for she suddenly became conscious that it was growing darker in the woods, and that she ought to be finding her way home, as Daddy would be scared about her. So she grasped the remainder of her treasures more firmly, and turned her resolute little face homeward, or in what she thought to be the homeward direction. Somehow, it was a great deal harder picking her way over the stones as she went back; there were so many slippery places and so many vines and thorny bushes in the way, and Marjorie wondered why the woods seemed so much darker almost immediately.

At last it grew so dark, and the way seemed so strange, that she just sat down to think. How tired she was; how glad she would be to get home again! At last she determined to go straight back to the pool and wait there for her Daddy. She was so sure in her perfect faith that he would, of course, come for her, and he would see her more easily in that open place. She was not afraid. Her father had told her that God's good angels watch over children who try to do right, and she had never meant to be naughty. So she bravely turned, and painfully picked her way along until presently she came right to the edge of a sheet of black water; it seemed to her the same she had left, but it was, in reality, quite a different pool. There was the rock close to her; she would climb up and sit on the ledge, it was all so wet where she was standing. After trying to step over the stones, unsuccessfully, she finally pulled off her shoes and waded in the pool to the rock, but found the sides were so high and slippery that she could not climb them, neither could she see to get back; all that was left for her to do was to plant her little shoeless feet in the water and brace herself firmly against the steep, rough rock and wait patiently for Daddy. The shoes were gone—dropped in trying to climb the rock—the pinafore was torn and soiled, and the gay vines and flowers draggled and drooped.

"It's verra dark; I'll say my prayers, any

how, whiles I'm waitin'," said Maidie. "I'll be too sleepy when I get hame; only I canna kneel doon verra weel, but God will na mind that." So the dear little lass clasped her hands, and said "Our Father" and "Now I lay me," and did not know, herself, how pathetic it was, as she stood bolt upright in the dark water that covered the small feet and ankles. While she prayed, the moon came out overhead, and its faint light struggled through the trees and touched the rock and the child's bright hair; and, after a while, something besides the moonlight visited the pool—something that came with heavy tread over the sand—and stooped and drank of the water, and slunk back again into its lair of darkness. Another and another of these visitors came, as the night hours went on, and drank, and glowered at the little child, with red, fierce eyes, and even rubbed their noses against her face and hands; then shook their yellow manes as they went muttering and growling away. Not one of them so much as touched a hair of her innocent head. "Who was it," said Lieutenant Ramsay, afterward, "shut the mouths of the great hungry creatures, but He who gives His angels charge over His little ones to keep them in all their ways?"

A couple of hours after Marjorie's departure, the scouting party came into the fort and was piped off to supper. Of course, Sergeant McLeod expected to find his little lass waiting for him at his own door, and was rather disappointed not to see her there. "She's fixed my parritch, bless her heart," he remarked, seating himself to the enjoyment of his meal, for which he had a pretty good appetite, thanks to his long tramp; "she'll be back anon." But Maidie did not appear, so, with a slight feeling of uneasiness in spite of himself, he stepped, rather briskly, over to Mrs. Brown's.

"Maidie not home?" repeated that good soul, aghast, "why, I left her here, it's a couple of hours or so, to go see Freeman's sick wife. She was darnin' your sock like a lamb, and was fixin' to get your supper ready in time. She's off visitin' the neebors, likely."

Further enquiry was made, but no one had seen the child for hours. Then it occurred to the Sergeant, with a pang of terror, that she might have strayed outside the gateless inclosure. Beside himself with anxiety, the father peered about until he detected in the fine sand of the court two or three tiny foot-prints that pointed outward. Stepping outside he saw some others, faint and light, to be sure, but undoubtedly his Maidie's; such tracks could have been made by no one else in the garrison.

Restraining his wild impulse to follow the dear child's footsteps immediately, McLeod turned back hastily to beat up recruits to go with him.

A number of the men volunteered willingly enough, when the news of the loss of the Sergeant's Maidie spread through the post, for the child's pretty, bright, obliging ways had made her such a darling that nearly all the rough, simple fellows would have done anything for her.

They tracked her easily down to the bush, but among the stones and mosses and tangled ways the traces soon became confused and undecided, and at length were hopelessly lost. Long hours they searched and shouted, and climbed trees and cut down bushes and vines, going everywhere but in the right direction. As the night darkened among those gloomy shades, they shuddered to hear the growls and roars of the beasts of prey coming forth from their dens and lairs to seek what they might devour. Some of the men grew discouraged and wearied out, and returned to the fort. It did not seem possible that the poor bairnie could ever be found, alive or dead, but the father would not give up the search for a moment; he would have stayed there in the bush if every man had left him. At midnight, Lieutenant Ramsay came out with some fresh men to aid in the search, and joined the others just as they struck the river-bed where Marjorie had gone wild with delight over the beautiful and brilliant flowers a few hours before. They followed it painfully by the light of their torches and of the watery moonshine, until they gained the pool near the gorge, dark and dismal enough as the shadows lay upon it, shallow as it was.

"One of the lions' drinking-places," said Mr. Ramsay, and stopped to pick up something that floated to his feet. They all knew it—Maidie's little brown hat, with one or two soaked lilies and ferns fastened to it yet.

Robbie Bell fell on his knees and sobbed like a child. "Lord keep the puir bairnies frae the jaws o' the lion!" he cried, and more than one man added an Amen.

The poor father groaned, "Gi'e Thy angels charge o'er her," then, presently, in a cheerier voice, he said: "She's a brave lassie, an' a fearless; she'd win her way better'n maist. We'll fin' her so lang as the wild beasts dinna."

It seemed a forlorn hope, but on they trudged, compelled at times to stop and rest, strong men as they were, and at last their lurid torches flickered and grew faint in the gray dawn, when the damp mists rose up from the moist ground, and the growlings of the lions who had been kept off by the torch-glare grew fainter and less frequent, and at length died away altogether.

McLeod was ahead of the others, with the young lieutenant; they had flung away their torches, and pushing through a thicket came suddenly upon the sandy shore of another lion-pool, the sand all trodden down and covered with fresh marks of lion-paws. A black rock loomed up out of the water just opposite them, and hardly had they emerged from the thicket when McLeod gave a gasping cry, and dashed through the water.

Malcolm Ramsay could not make out the reason of this movement at first, but in another instant he caught sight of a little shoe floating slowly on the pool, and next he saw a wee form standing in the water braced against the rock, bareheaded, her bright curls falling all about the tired little face, blue and ghastly in the weird light, the eyes round and wide and strained, with a pitiful, watching look in them, the two small hands tightly clasped together and dropped before her.

But instantly a look of joy came into the sweet eyes, an angel smile made the little face radiant—she had seen her father—he gained her side, and, with a cry of inexpressible joy, clasped his baby, his treasure, in his arms.

One by one all came up through the thicket, as though an electric message had brought them. McLeod strode through the water bearing her in his strong arms, crying himself like a baby, while she raised a trembling little hand and stroked his brown face and kissed his rough cheek. The men all gathered about dear Maidie, kissing her hands and dress, and even her little, stained foot. Some of them pointed to the countless lion-tracks all about; some fell on their knees and hid their faces. It seemed difficult to believe that this was really their Maidie, and that she was alive, for, by all tokens, she must have been the very centre of a host of lions, throughout the dreadful night.

"Maidie, darling," said Lieutenant Ramsay, in a choked voice, "were not you afraid?"

"Na," said the innocent lassie, turning her eyes on him, "not a bit afeard. I knew Daddy wad luik for me, and God wad tak' care o' me till he cam'; but I was weary waitin', and a bit lanesome, too, till some dogs cam' to drink the watter, and they seemed company, like."

"Dogs!" echoed the young man.

"Aye. Big, yellow dogs; I never seed sic grand big anea. They rubbed their noses on my face and glowered at me; but I didna min' them, not a bit."

Oh, the child! How the men looked at each other! To think of her safe among the lions all night—the fearsome beasts seeking their prey, and not a hair of her head harmed!

Then the tired head sank on her father's shoulder, and safe in his tender hold, the watching and waiting, the irksomeness and pain all past, the child's eyes closed and she dropped dead asleep—the sleep of utter exhaustion—which asserted itself, now that the brave spirit had no need to bear up the frail little body any longer.

And so he carried her home. They all wanted to carry her, but the father would give her up to no one else; not even to Mr. Ramsay. Good news flies fast. When Marjorie and her body-guard arrived at the fort, her rescue was already known, somehow, and all hands had turned out in the early morning sunshine to rejoice over her. And the Highland pipes played their sweetest and cheeriest to welcome the dear lamb who had been lost and was found, and who did not know until they all marched away forever from Tamashaki, three months later, how great had been her peril, and how wonderful her deliverance.—*St. Nicholas.*

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(From Day of Rest).

III.

"Important sale of excellent household furniture and effects at 18—— Terrace, Kensington.

"Messrs. Hook and Walker will sell by auction, at 18 —— Terrace, on the 10th and 11th of November, 18—, commencing each day at twelve precisely, all the modern household furniture, comprising," &c., &c., &c.

We need not copy the whole of the bill, such may be seen and read anywhere any day of the week. Thus was Bates's home broken up. Month after month rolled wearily by, and then came this crisis.

The family were about to leave London for Liverpool. Just before their departure Mrs. Bates received a foreign-looking letter; it was from her only brother, and although she had heard from him regularly since he had left England, never had any of his letters been looked for so eagerly as this one. He was in America, transacting business for a Manchester house; and with tears of disappointment she read his words: "Do not write again until you hear from me; I expect to leave this place (Charleston) for New Orleans in a day or two, and my whereabouts will be uncertain for a time. I will send the address as early as possible."

"How foolish!" murmured Mrs. Bates; "why did he not tell me to write to the Post Office? How can I tell him to write to Liverpool now? I shall never hear from him again;" and so she grieved that he would not know how or where she was situated.

In the dead of winter they sought a home in a strange place. They rented a small four-roomed house. Mr. Bates, after some difficulty, obtained a situation in an architect's office; he was very clever, and fortunately quite unknown in Liverpool; and to avoid recognition by name, he adopted the pseudonym of Bryant.

For a time he went on more steadily, and hope began to revive in his wife's heart. She would have gladly taken in a little sewing, but, to use her own words, "her hands were tied" by a baby of five months old. The home and children were kept very neat and clean. Had a stranger peeped into the little room designated "the parlor" (although it was made a sleeping-room at night), and had he noticed how well brushed the bit of faded carpet was, how tastefully yet cheaply the windows were draped, how nicely the cheap pictures were hung, and how well the whole of the poor furniture was arranged, he would have said that the place belonged to some one who had seen "better days."

Mr. Bates had not been in his situation three months before he exposed himself. All along he had drunk deeply, but secretly, which his employer had reason to suspect. But one day he presented himself completely intoxicated, and was forthwith ordered out of the place. Mr. L—— was a stern, proud man; he looked upon a drunkard from only one point of view, and judged him mercilessly. He had "no sympathy with men who made brutes of themselves; where was their self-respect?" and so on. The declaration, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," seemed perfectly just and right in his eyes. But he never cared to light on such texts in the Bible as—"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is made weak." He considered himself included in the brethren addressed, "Ye who are spiritual," yet he heeded not the exhortation made to such, "If a man be overtaken in a fault, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness."

Without having any recollection of his abrupt dismissal, poor Bates went the next morning to business as usual. Great was his astonishment to receive a severe reprimand from Mr. L——. How the old proud spirit rose up and could scarce be restrained from resenting the unnecessarily harsh words! Thoughts of his wife and children deterred him, however; and with tightly-compressed lips, and a face dark with suppressed feeling, he bowed to the decision of the man (whom he felt to be his inferior in many respects), that he should receive "a prompt dismissal on the repetition of the offence."

Within a month from that day the "offence" was repeated and the threat put into execution.

That was a time of sore trouble whilst Bates was in search of another situation. The family could not live without food, the father would not live without drink, and so they were reduced to great straits. There were the same old difficulties to be met and overcome in applying for employment. Character was enquired into, recommendations required. One day, weary and worn, Mr. Bates entered a large warehouse, and made the usual enquiries. A gentlemanly-looking man, with a pleasant, benevolent countenance, came forward to speak with him. He saw at a glance what sort of a man Bates was and had been, and he felt for him. He thought of the temptations that surrounded the drunkard, and could make allowances for his circumstances.

Mr. Bates told him much. Mr. Harris was a man who could easily win the confidence of those in trouble. He listened patiently and kindly to what Bates had to say, and finally offered him a situation which would engage him in writing the whole of the day. This, though different from what he had been accustomed to, was gladly accepted, and he went home fully determined to merit the kindness and goodwill of his benefactor, and to prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him when he should enter upon his new duties.

Very pleased was his wife to hear the welcome news. "Now, Aleck," she said hopefully, "if you will only mind, this will prove the beginning of better things, I believe. Do you think, dear, you would like to take the pledge? Do, now."

"Not a bit of it, Marian; I shall take care of myself this time, never fear. I always feel weak and low; I am sure I need stimulants."

His wife sighed. "Do be careful, Aleck," she said earnestly.

Time went on, and Bates kept pretty steady, at least during the daytime. But he never went to bed perfectly sober, and consequently felt the craving for the early morning dram, in which he regularly indulged. Throughout the hours of business he made strong efforts to control himself.

At the time he was earning nothing for a week or two, Mary, their oldest child, had sought for something to do, and had been successful in getting "a little place," to take care of a baby for sixpence per day. However, now that their prospects were becoming brighter, Mrs. Bates thought she might give it up, to attend school with Jessie. So one evening she said, "I think, Mary dear, you might leave Mrs. Smith, and get to school again for a time; you will be learning something."

Mary looked pleased. "I should like to, indeed, mamma. I do want to learn so much." Her eyes were tearful.

It was arranged, therefore, that on the following Monday she was to be free once more for school.

But—alas for the "buts!"—the very day succeeding the one on which this arrangement had been made Mr. Bates came home sadly intoxicated. It was a lovely afternoon in early summer. The warm, pleasant sunshine streamed through the little window and danced on the kitchen floor, and the soft breeze, which plays as kindly in the dirty streets of the city as around the tree-embowered cottages of the country, dallied with the few cheery-looking though common geraniums that bloomed in the window.

Jessie, poor little fragile, delicate Jessie, was out with her two brothers. The baby was asleep in one corner of the kitchen; and Mrs. Bates every now and then had to look up from her sewing to say "Hush!" to a bright little fellow who was building a house of empty cotton-reels on the floor. "Don't you talk, Harry dear," said she, as the child was chattering to some old gentleman whom he fondly imagined to be the keeper of his "house." "Ma doesn't want baby to wake yet; she has such a lot of work to do before tea." And so Master Harry carried on his conversations in whispers for the next five minutes. Then came some one bursting in at the street door. Mrs. Bates rose hastily, thinking it was the children. She raised her finger as the door opened; but it was not they. Her heart sank. What could have happened to make her husband like this again? She put the question very softly to him. He swore at her, and commenced raving like a madman. The baby woke up screaming, and the little boy hid his face in his mother's dress. Words were unavailing at such a time; so Mrs. Bates silently moved about, preparing the children's tea, with the baby in her arms.

(To be Continued).

THE HOUSEHOLD.

OVER-STUDY OR OVERWORK.

BY HENRY I. BOWDITCH, M.D.

Of all the follies I see at present in New England—less perhaps in other parts of the country where education is not stimulated as it is here—I know of none greater, or one more often fatal, than the over-stimulus of the intellect at the expense of the body, in our schools and colleges. We weary the brain with overwork at the expense of the bodily frame, and too often of the morals, of the pupil.

Every teacher feels called upon by public opinion to stimulate the intellect of the pupil. The physical well-being of the child is almost universally over-looked. This is gross folly in the case of any pupil, even if there be no hereditary tendency to consumption. But with that tendency the plan is really homicidal.

Many persons will deem me extravagant, if not irreverent, when I lay it down as a proposition, that it is as much a religious duty for the parent to guard over the physical culture of his child as it is to watch for its moral and religious development.

Upon the healthy development of the body hangs the healthy growth of a really religious life. And yet it sometimes seems to me as if teachers, parents and pupils were all alike mad in the pursuit of purely intellectual education. The eating of plenty of good food, and an excellent digestion thereof, plenty of out-of-door exercise, proper seasons for rest, seem wholly, and at times even criminally neglected, compared with the time and attention given in order to attain high rank at school. I write warmly because my experience, I think, sustains me in the propositions.

Some teachers and parents will object to the above, and will think that I object to hard study. Far from it. I believe in hard study for a proper number of hours—with intermission for—what is equally important—earnest, well-directed play. The difficulty is that in most schools and colleges the play is not cultivated as it should be by the teacher. His work, he thinks, is to be devoted to the intellectual growth of his pupil. Attention to the harmonious growth of his body is of minor importance.

In illustration, I cite the following as a case of too common occurrence in my experience as a physician, and I cannot resist the inferences I have been compelled to draw in many similar ones which I have seen:

A young person, male or female, walks into my study for the purpose of consultation in regard to health. I observe great paleness of the face, extreme emaciation and trembling steps, combined with a slight cough, and evidently more or less difficulty of breath. These, if combined with a certain intellectual expression of the face, almost immediately enable me to foreshadow a history somewhat as follows:

Stimulated by ambition to be in the front rank of scholarship, and desiring, owing to poverty or the known wishes of parents, to obtain rapidly an education, the poor, scarcely developed child has been laboring for months, always overworking intellectually, and at times also physically. Perhaps the victim has been carried many miles daily to and from school. Study at school, in the cars, and after return at night, sometimes twelve to fourteen hours has been the daily rule.

Of course, utter prostration is the result. The appetite fails or becomes capricious under severe fatigue and irregularity of meals. Gradually a cough is noticed, and it is thought "a cold has been taken." A rainy day is blamed for the cough which has been nurtured by the very course pursued. The rain was only the signal, so to speak, for that to burst forth which had been already prepared for explosion by previous folly, viz., the grossest intemperance in the use of the privileges of life.

The cough and the educational race continue on together. Finally a failure of strength manifests itself, and then, for the first time, the parents begin to look with concern at the appearance of their child. But neither child nor parent thinks of giving up school. Perhaps it is toward the end of the term. "Only a very few weeks more" and the coveted prize will be gained, and then rest and cure can be attempted. And so the terrible race toward death goes on. Day after day, the pupil rises early and goes to bed late at night, haunted by the idea of an education to be gained. At last, the long-wished-for goal is reached. The first honors are gained, but they are now of little comfort, for all strength, which has been artificially kept up by the excitement of the race, suddenly leaves the aspirant, and the pupil does nothing afterward. Sinking of all the powers and a rapid downward course ensue, and the physician can only make a diagnosis. All ideas of cure, or even of partial relief, perhaps, have disappeared, and death by quick consumption soon closes all. This is no overdrawn sketch; all physicians must have met many such.

Now the way to prevent such cases as this is for parents and guardians of youth to interfere and stop all such folly, ere it be too late. Let this check be given not only once, but many times if need be, whenever, in fact, this over-excitement is noticed, and this should be done even contrary to the earnest wishes of the pupil, and although he or she be thoroughly disheartened by the restraint. The difficulty is that, usually, no consultation is had with physicians or parents until it is too late, and some parents seem utterly blinded as to their duty in the premises.

A very intelligent and eminent lady teacher, when I spoke to her of this class of cases, replied, "I fully believe you are right. In my experience of girls who have been under my care, I have been led to believe that this over-excitement for study is really one of the primary symptoms of consumption, and that it should be considered such by physicians. I have now in mind at least two girls who, without any extra mental qualities, and very feeble frames, were constantly studying and rarely exercising. They were often absent from school from weakness. Still they could not give up reading, and pleaded earnestly to be allowed to study, 'as it was their only pleasure.' I urged the parents to take them from school, and to compel or induce them to take more care of their health. I felt that they would eventually break down if they continued in the course they were then pursuing. My advice was not followed, and they died of consumption; and was not this over-intellectual excitement really the first symptom?"

Such a course should be avoided in all cases, but the rule is especially imperative in a pupil having hereditary tendencies to consumption. A proper, reasonable, temperately conducted, well-ventilated school should be selected. No overwork of mind or body should be permitted. If the health fail at all, absolute removal from school is required; travel or anything else should be undertaken that will interest and keep the pupil from books and out of doors, and let the education, so-called, take care of itself.

Again, overwork not only in study, but in any direction where the person is confined in close atmosphere, or even on a farm with poor food and other deprivations of comfort, may produce similar results to those caused by over-study. A young merchant, a conscientious clerk, or another under a hard master, especially if working chiefly below the level of the street, as many now do, will be liable to suffer.

In connection with, and legitimately connected with it, is overwork in amusements. Our youths of both sexes, especially the girls, ruin their bodily and mental health by attending closely at school during the day, and staying at parties until late at night. In like manner many young women, having "finished their education," often spend every night, till early morning, in dancing and revel, and thus are often preparing for themselves serious disease; consumption, not infrequently. They rise late in the forenoon, with little appetite, and either pass the day in listless inaction, or if compelled to work, drag themselves unwillingly to labor. This course is pursued several times during the week. Under it the face grows pale, the strength lessens, and they are then all prepared for a cough to commence on the most trivial exposure, which would have had no deleterious influence upon a more rugged frame, which had been temperately and wisely regulated previously.

If in addition to the evils of these employments and wild amusements, individuals neglect digestion, eat irregularly of a weak, poor fare, they will gradually be liable to lose appetite, flesh and strength. If a cough sets in under such circumstances, there is danger of its becoming chronic, although the patient may be able to perform his usual duties up to the moment of consulting a physician.

To avoid this result, it behooves parents and guardians to see to it—

1st. That there shall be no overwork or overplay.

2d. That the spot for work shall be healthily situated.

3d. That regular and sufficient food be taken.

4th. The first moment that any failure of the powers is noticed, some physician should be consulted, whose aim should be not simply to give remedies, but to remove the patients from any pernicious influence under which they may be suffering.—*Youth's Companion.*

FEATHER PILLOWS.

It is of moment to remember, that in the cleansing of the feathers which are used to fill pillows and bolsters, the utmost care ought to be taken never to put the feathers back in the tick until they are thoroughly dried. If only a little moisture attach to the feathers they decompose; they give out ammoniacal and sulphuretted compounds, and they become in this manner not only offensive to the sense of smell, but sometimes an insidious source of danger to health.

A few years ago I went with my family to a well-known seaside place, where during the season we were obliged to take what we could get in the way of house accommodation. I was myself located in a small bedroom, which was scrupulously clean and comfortable, and, as bedrooms go, well ventilated. The first night after going to bed I awoke in early morning with the most oppressive of headaches, with a sense of nausea, and with coldness of the body. The thought that these unpleasant symptoms arose from smallness of the room and close air led me to open the window. I was soon somewhat relieved, but could sleep no more that morning, so I dressed, took a walk, and after a few hours felt fairly well, and as wanting nothing more than a few hours of extra sleep. The next night I took the precaution to set the window open, but again in early morning I woke as before, and even in worse condition. I now canvassed all possible causes for the phenomena. Had I contracted some contagious disease? Was this bedroom recently tenanted by a person suffering from a contagious malady? Had I taken some kind of food or drink which had disagreed with me? The answer to each of these queries was entirely negative. All I could get at was that I had a sense of an odor of a very peculiar kind, which came and went, and which seemed to have some connection with the temporary derangement. On the third night I went to bed once more, but rather more restless and alert than before; and an hour or two after I had been in bed I woke with a singular dream. I was a boy again, and I was reading the story, so I dreamt, of Philip Quarles, much like Robinson Crusoe, was lost on a desolate island, and who could not sleep on a pillow stuffed with the feathers of certain birds which he had killed, and the feathers of which he had used for a pillow. The dream led me to examine the pillow on which my own head reclined. It was a soft, large downy cushion, with a fine white case and a perfectly clean tick; but when I turned my face for a moment on the pillow and inhaled through it, I detected the most distinct sulphur ammoniacal odor, which was so sickening I had no difficulty in discovering mine enemy. The bolster I found to be the same. I put both away, made a temporary pillow out of a railway rug, went to sleep again, and woke in the morning quite well. It turned out that the pillow and bolster had been recently made up with imperfectly dried feathers, and some of these were undergoing decomposition.

This experience of mine is a good illustration detected, as it happened, on the spot. It is by no means singular. Little children are often made sleepless, dreamful, and restless in their cots from a similar cause.—*Dr. Richardson, in Good Words.*

GOOD HEALTH.

"The common ingredients of health and long life are
Great temperance, open air, easy labor, little care."

How few of us appreciate good health when we have it! how many are seeking for it in vain! It is often easy to keep, but hard to find! It is a blessing without which all others fail to be fully enjoyed and yet perhaps the least appreciated of any that the most of us possess.

A quaint old preacher, when called upon to ask a blessing at a well-filled table, which was surrounded by a happy company, responded in this wise: "Whereas, some have appetite and no food, while others have food and no appetite, we thank thee, Lord, that we have both."

That man surely appreciated the blessing of good health, and we venture to say had been careful to obey the laws of health during all his life.

As we look about among our friends and acquaintances, how small is the number of those who enjoy perfect or even moderate health! how few but have some chronic trouble to suffer from and fight against continually! True, many inherit diseases from which, doubtless, there is no escape, but by far the large majority have brought their troubles by overwork.

Children in school often study too hard, too closely, because they and their parents are anxious for the prizes, which must be striven for at all hazards, and so we see the attenuated forms of pale, hollow eyed boys and girls, with little appetite and less vigor, who surely could not utter the old man's thanks. Students in college or in law-schools, or pursuing art in any of its departments, as a rule, take little exercise, but give their entire strength to the brain, and when attacked with brain fever have no strength of body to resist the progress of the disease.

Girls in factories, or sewing in large establishments, are constantly overtaxed, and the recreation which they crave and which they need to break in upon the monotony of their incessant, unvarying labor, is nevertheless enjoyed at the expense of health, and their muscles, and sometimes their brains, scarcely know what rest is. The employers, and not the hard-worked, poorly-paid employees, are surely to blame for a great amount of ill-health, and we hope that soon eight hours of well-paid labor, done by rested and cheerful working-women, will convince manufacturers that not only in a moral, but in a money point of view, such labor pays.

Business men are overworked constantly, and even the young men now-a-days can scarcely take their thoughts from the ledger, and the schemes of money-making and money-getting somehow, by foul means if not by fair ones, are revolved in their mind until many men, so far as pertains to all social and Christian living, have become merely machines, and work on with impaired health, and live out but half their days.

All these we have mentioned, it may be, have achieved the results they sought. The children have won the prizes; the students have taken the honors of their classes; the artists have received the plaudits and the medals from appreciative patrons; the factory girls have, with tired bodies and dizzy heads, whirled all night in the mazes of the dance; business men have made fortunes and young men have often found place and position and received incomes at thirty which their fathers would have considered large at sixty; they have won what they sought, but alas! with the winning they have lost their health, which was of more value to each one of them than all the prizes and all the medals that were ever struck. Dr. Holland very sensibly says that if we have any prizes to give it would be well to give them to those young students of delicate organization and the power of easy acquisition, who restrain their ambition to excel in scholarship, and build up for themselves a body fit to give their minds a comfortable dwelling-place and forcible and facile service. These would be prizes worth securing, and they would point to the highest form of manhood as their aim and end.

Is it not true that nearly all vigorous mental or religious work is accomplished at the expense of health? Editors, ministers, lawyers, teachers, authors, physicians, politicians, financiers, missionaries, and those whose business it is to labor and arouse enthusiasm for them and their work—all who are in earnest in either of these departments, and more which might be named, seem to be accomplishing their task most acceptably about in proportion as their health gives way.

If this is true, that exclusive mental labor is unhealthful, and yet necessary, parents must see to it that more time is spent by their children during all the years of their education in physical development and healthful recreation, that they may be the better prepared to endure the wear and tear of brain work to which many of them are destined—then, unafflicted by mental or physical dyspepsia or any saddening disease, the majority of even the brain-workers may be able even in middle life and in old age to utter the thanks of the quaint old preacher.—*Standard.*

I CAN AND I CAN'T.

"Baby dear, won't you please shut those great, wide-awake eyes of yours?" said Mrs Clarke, lovingly bending over the cradle where Robbie lay cooing and examining his little fat fists as though they were some strange mystery.

"I can put baby to sleep," exclaimed Rosie. "Let me try, mamma."

"Thank you, dear. I have some baking to attend to, and it wil be a great help to me if you rock baby to sleep. It is time for his morning nap, and I think he'll soon drop off into the Land of Nod."

"On and on.
Over the velvety sod,
First you go up, and then you go down,
And then you come into Shut-eyes town,
Away in the Land of Nod."

sang Rosie, gently rocking the cradle back and forth, while her mother softly stole out of the room On the stairs she encountered Minnie, and pleasantly said.

"Come, Minnie, come, get your things on. I've an errand for you."

"O mamma, I can't go just now. Annie Drake is coming to play with me this morning. Won't it do just as well by and by?"

"No, Minnie. I wish some fresh eggs, butter, raisins, and citron to make a cake, and you must go quickly with my order to Mr. Green; and please ask him to send the things home as soon as possible."

With a scowl upon her face, and in a petulant manner, Minnie went to put on her things.

Rosie and Minnie Clark were twins—bright, pretty children of ten years old. At one time it was almost impossible for a stranger to tell them apart; but a change of late has taken place. While Rosie seems all sunshine, Minnie wears a scowling face and looks far from pretty.

Shall I tell you how this change has come about? Rosie has a kind, obliging disposition, and is ever ready with her hearty, "I can do it, mamma; just let me try," and away she will fly upon some willing service. Minnie, on the contrary, thinks more of self and having her own will and way in everything if possible; hence, when asked to do this or that, there will come the reluctant, long-drawn, "I c-a-n-t!"

"Hulloo! where is 'I Can'?" called out Charley, rushing into the house, kite in hand

"Here is my string all in a snarl, and she is the one to get it out for me"

Rosie laughed, took the tangled mass of kite-string, and after a little patient perseverance handed it back to her brother all smoothly wound upon his stick.

"You are a jolly good sister," came the boyish but sincere thanks, as Charley took up his kite and ran out to join the waiting boys.

He rarely went to his sister Minnie for anything.

"Oh no, I don't want 'I Can't,' it's 'I Can' whom I am after. Here, Rosie, you are the one for me."

Minnie at times would get somewhat provoked at her brother for calling her 'I Can't;' still she did not try to overcome her fault.

Mrs. Clarke has tried to shame Minnie out of her indolent, disobliging way. She has also told her that her Heavenly Father would feel grieved to see one of his little lambs so selfish, so unwilling to give up her own pleasure to cheerfully serve others. But the fault thus indulged in has grown into more and more of a fixed habit, until we really believe Minnie herself scarcely knows how often she uses the little disagreeable words, "I can't."

Now, dear young readers, which of those little girls would you rather imitate, scowling, disobliging "I C-a-n-t," or kind, obliging "I Can"?—*Selected.*



"COME DRESS ME."

HE WHO talks but little probably knows more than he says.

AN HONEST MINER.

If you go into a mining district in Cornwall, England, you will see, not far from the mine works, rows of neat little cottages: most of them are extremely clean in the interior, and here the miners may be found seated at comfortable fires, frequently reading, or in the summer evenings working in their little gardens or in the potato fields. Frequently they become experienced floriculturists, and at the flower shows that occur annually in several of the Cornish towns they often carry off the prizes.

A pleasing anecdote is recorded of the honesty of a poor Cornish miner. There lived at St. Ives a lady named Prudence Worth, whose charity was remarkable. A miner living at Camborne had his goods seized for rent, which he could not pay. He had heard of the many good deeds done by "Madam" Worth, as she was usually called, and he determined to apply to her for assistance. He said:

"Madam, I am come to you in great trouble. My goods are seized for rent, and they will be sold if I can not get the money immediately."

"Where do you live?" enquired Mrs. Worth.

"In Camborne, and I work in Stray Park Mine."

"I know nothing of you," observed the lady, "and you may be a drunkard or an impostor."

"Madam," replied the miner, with energy, "as I live I am neither; and if you will lend me the money I will return it in four months."

The money was lent, the period of four months elapsed, and, true to his promise, the poor miner, notwithstanding that bad luck had attended him, had managed to get the amount borrowed together, and set off on foot with it. Arriving at Hayle River, he found the tide coming up, but to save a journey of three miles round by St. Erith Bridge, he resolved to cross the water, which appeared to him shallow enough for his purpose. The poor fellow had, however, miscalculated the depth, and was drowned. When the body was brought to shore, his wife said that he had left home with three guineas in his pocket for Madam Worth. Search was made in his pockets, and no money was found, but some one observed that his right hand was firmly clinched. It was opened, and found to contain the three guineas.—*Harper's Young People.*

HELP YOURSELF.

Some children are spoiled by being helped too much. They thus become lazy and good for nothing. God has given you hands to work with, and you are to use them. Never ask any one to do for you what you can do for yourself. What you have to do may seem to be hard at first, and it may really be hard, but do you not know that if you wait until it becomes easy you will never do it? Do your work as well as you know how the first time, and the second time it will not be so hard to do. The best way to learn how to do a thing is to try, and keep on trying.

There was once a full-grown boy by the name of Dennis, who hired himself out to work for a man. Dennis was a lazy fellow, and, of course, did not get along very well with his work. Because he was lazy nobody cared for him, and he often complained that he had no friends. One day he said to Mr. Jones, his employer:

"I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life!"

"Good friends! Why, you have ten!" replied Mr. Jones.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many and those I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said Mr. Jones.

Dennis looked down at his big strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the employer.

"I have—there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you go grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

That was good advice for poor Dennis; but whether or not he ever acted on it we do not know.

Learn to help yourself when young, and it will come easy to you when you grow older. Why should a little boy leave his clothes, his toys, or his books scattered all over the house, and expect his mother to pick them up? Why should a little girl leave her room in disorder, expecting that "mother" will put it to rights? Ah! these good, dear, patient mothers! How much they do for their children! and it is because they do so much that the children should do what they can for themselves, and thus lighten their parents' load.—*S. S. Advocate*

GRANDMAMMA.

K. L. H.

Grandmamma sits in the corner,
In her old-fashioned easy chair;
The sunlight falls on her forehead
And brightens her silver hair.
Her Bible lies open before her,
In her fingers her needles play,
For Grandma is busily knitting,
Knitting the livelong day

She calls it only her pastime,
And says 'tis no work at all;
That is the part the children do,
When they help her to wind her ball.
But mamma, looking up from the basket
With its "mending pile" so tall,
Says, "If it were not for such pastime,
I'm afraid you'd go barefoot, all!"

Sometimes 'tis a sock for grandpa;
Or a blue one for brother Ben;
Or a scarlet mitten for Jamie,
The fairest of little men.
But busily fly her fingers,
While a smile o'er her loving face flits;
And a text and a prayer are woven in
With every one she knits.

Blessings on dearest Grandmamma,
And long may the corner, there,
Be bright with her loving presence,
In the old-fashioned easy chair.
For what should we do without her?
And long may it be, ere the day
When Grandmamma's voice, and Grandmamma's smile,
And Grandmamma's love are away.

—*Children's Friend.*

HANS KELLNER'S CHANGE; OR, "GOD IS GOOD."

In a small German village there lived a man, one Hans Kellner, who was known among his neighbors as the most passionate and quarrelsome man for many a mile round. But if he was the terror of little children, and the tyrant over all who were in any way under his control, I could not tell you the misery he made in his own house, nor the sorrow he brought to his thrifty pious wife.

Perhaps I may say, before I go further, that Hans would have been a better man, a better husband and father, had he not been so frequent a visitor at the inn of the village, "The Golden Stag," as it was called; poor Anna Kellner often wished that no such place existed.

But she had a great trust in God, so great that she felt He would surely hear her prayers that Hans might be converted from his evil habits; and never did day dawn nor night come



THE TRAVELLERS FRIEND.

but she made little Anna, and Max, and Lotta pray too, that the father in heaven would bless and take care of their father on earth. Max, though often suffering from the passion of his father when he was excited by drink, was very dear to the man's heart. The man was proud of the big handsome boy, and in his sober moments would declare that something great must be made of him; he was not to remain unknown and obscure in a little village.

There came a day when Max was dangerously ill, and then Hans Kellner uttered oaths and curses in his rage. The child must not, *should* not die, he said! The poor mother prayed fervently, but resigned herself to God's will, as the doctor told her there was but little hope for Max, who lay tossing in his bed crimson with fever, and his breath hurried and painful. The village pastor came to the house, and, after speaking a few words of comfort to the child's mother, went to Hans, who sat smoking outside.

But vain was his attempt to utter a word. With terrible threats did the man order him off, shouting execrations after his retreating figure, in so angry a tone, that even Anna Kellner crept way from the side of her boy, and stood trembling in the doorway. She shuddered at the curses Hans was calling down on the head of one who wished to be to him a friend. This over, the wretched man betook himself to the "Golden Stag," there to drown his misery in drink.

But God was full of goodness and compassion, and He was about to spare Max that he might save his father from ruin of soul and body. It was a terrible night; it was the crisis of the illness, and Anna prayed and watched with throbbing heart and anxious eyes. Toward morning she saw a change for the better, the peaceful sleep taking the place of restless tossing, and with all her heart she gave thanks. She could not leave the child, but she bade a neighbor carry the news to her husband.

"Hans Kellner," said this messenger, "God has been good to you; for Max lives, and will recover." The simple words struck upon his ear with an unaccustomed sound, "God has been good to you."

And then he thought of what he had been to God. From that time a purpose seemed born within him to begin a different life, because the boy who was his heart's pride had not been snatched away by death. With quiet tread he sought the chamber where he had not dared to enter and witness the suffering of little Max. As his wife raised her weary but happy face, it seemed as if at a glance she knew that Hans were different—again like the Hans who had stood beside her in the good pastor's presence nine years before, and promised to be faithful to her till death.

"He will live," she whispered, pointing to the sleeping boy; and then the great rough man, who had been the plague or terror of the village, fell down on his knees and said (as had been said to him), "God is good!"

I wish I could find space to tell you of the happiness which shone like the sun over this once unhappy home. I may only add that the "Golden Stag" has lost one of its best customers. If Hans Kellner is wanted, the place to find him is at his cottage door with his good wife and happy children round him.

Very often the pastor, who was once driven from the place, may be found in the Kellners' home. And when he or they refer to the time when Max was thought to be dying, Hans will sigh and smile as he murmurs, "God is good!" Perhaps he loves the boy all the more, since the little life was spared to become his own deliverance from his great snare.

"God is good!" Do we not all see it in His patience as He bears with our neglect, our forgetfulness, our wandering? Then let us give to Him all He asks—our lives, our hearts; and happiness will take up its dwelling within us, as it did in the heart and home of Hans Kellner.—*Friendly Greeting.*

THE TRAVELLER'S FRIEND.

The Traveller's Friend, of Madagascar, differs from most other trees in having all its branches in one plane that is like the sticks of a fan or the feathers of a peacock's tail. At the extremity of each branch grows a broad double leaf, several feet in length, which spreads out very gracefully. Under these leaves, after sunset, a copious deposit of pure dew is found, which soon collects into drops, forms little streams, which run down the branches. Here the water is received into hollow spaces, of large size, one of which is found at the root of every branch. These branches lie one over another, and when a knife, or a flat piece of stick—for it is not necessary to cut the tree—is inserted between the parts which overlap, and slightly drawn to one side, so as to cause an opening, a stream of water flows out as from a small fountain. Hence the appropriate name of the tree.

"I'M ONLY A NAIL."

Living quite retired from the scenes of public and active life, as I was driving in a nail the other day, I thought to myself, all I want of that nail is to be still and hold on. I should be much dissatisfied with that nail if, in the wish to be useful, it should leave its place and go bustling over the house, interfering with the comfort and endangering the safety of the household.

Then I thought there were some human nails, and I concluded I was one; so here I am, waiting to hold whatever may be hung upon me, that's all.—*Ex.*



The Family Circle.

THE SILVER PLATE.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

They passed it along from pew to pew,
And gathered the coins, now fast, now few,
That rattled upon it; and every time
Some eager fingers would drop a dime
On the silver plate with a silver sound.
A boy who sat in the aisle looked 'round
With a wistful face—"Oh, if only he
Had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be!"
He fumbled his pockets, but didn't dare
To hope he should find a penny there;
And much as he searched, when all was done,
He hadn't discovered a single one.

He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes,
As the minister, in a plaintive wise,
Had spoken of children all abroad
The world who had never heard of God;
Poor, pitiful pagans who didn't know,
When they came to die, where their souls would go;
And who shrieked with fear, when their mothers made
Them kneel to an idol-god—afraid
He might eat them up—so fierce and wild
And horrid he seemed to the frightened child.
"How different," murmured the boy, while his
Lips trembled, "how different Jesus is!"

And the more the minister talked, the more
The boy's heart ached to its inner core;
And the nearer to him the silver plate
Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate
That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed)
To give, that the heathen might hear of Christ.
But all at once, as the silver sound
Just tinkled beside him, the boy looked round;
And they offered the piled-up plate to him,
And he blushed, and his eyes began to swim.

Then bravely turning, as if he knew
There was nothing better that he could do,
He spoke, in a voice that held a tear,
"Put the plate on the bench beside me here."
And the plate was placed, for they thought
he meant
To empty his pockets of every cent.
But he stood straight up, and he softly put
Right square in the midst of the plate—his foot,
And said with a sob controlled before,
"I will give myself—I have nothing more!"
—*Children's Work for Children.*

A LESSON TO LEARN—A WORK TO DO.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"Aunt Hattie? My bow ain't tied!"

"Aunt Hattie, my hands and face is dirty!"

"Aunt Hattie, mamma says, can you come and take the baby—right away?"

"The your own bow; you're old enough! You little plague, you, I washed your face not an hour ago! Dear me, I wonder if she thinks I've twenty pair of hands?"

The nursery where these words were spoken was a scene of dire confusion. Three boys were completing their toilets; they had evidently been indulging in a pillow-fight, and sly pinches and kicks were exchanged between them while little Dick was being washed by auntie, a slight, fair haired girl of eighteen.

"Ain't it jolly that it's a holiday?" said Tom, the eldest. "Won't we tease you, Hat?"

"Tom Dallas, I'll tell your mother. You are too impertinent."

"Will you keep still, Dick? I'd rather wash an eel any day!"

"Not ready yet? Why, Hattie, your brother is waiting, and you know he dislikes our being late."

"I'm sure I don't care if he does. I can't get up any earlier."

Mrs. Dallas gave a sigh, and merely saying, "Well, the boy that is ready first shall hold sister after breakfast;" she went down the stairs.

The mere sight of mamma had quieted the boys, and not many minutes after they were seated at the table, impatiently eying the omelette and potatoes. Some one had to cut the bread, spread the butter, help the potatoes and omelette and pour the coffee, and Hattie, considering she had done her part upstairs, did not attempt to help in the matter, while Mr. Dallas, as he was in the habit of being waited on every day lest he should miss his train, took no notice that breakfast was half through before his wife, who had been kept awake by a teething baby, had tasted a mouthful.

"Mamma, it's a holiday; are we going to have pudding?"

Mrs. Dallas waited a moment. If only Hattie would offer to make it! But Hattie, who thought to herself, "If she asks me I suppose I must," kept silence, and the mother said, "Oh yes; you shall have pudding, and a nice cake for tea if I hear no quarrelling."

There was a rent in Tom's second-best pants which only mother's fingers could mend, and Mr. Dallas had brought home a "little copying" which meant at least an hour's work, and the afternoon must be free, for mamma had set her heart on giving Hattie some good time on the holiday.

"If only I could make her contented and happy! It is such a change for her, poor child, and yet—nothing but time can brighten matters. By-and-by she will make friends, and when baby is older I can let her have more time; but it is hard for both of us."

Meanwhile Hattie Dallas was standing at her window thinking. "I have nobody to love me—nothing pleasant happens to me—I wish I were dead! I hate children; they tease me to death! Johnny is the most aggravating boy I ever saw. Oh, what a difference between this fourth and the last!" and at the thought tears came.

A little more than a year before Hattie's father had died, and on the fourth her Sunday-school teacher, knowing that the young girl was soon to leave her native place to live with a brother whom she had seldom seen, had invited her to spend the day on the river with her, and the two had had a long and pleasant talk.

"Mrs. Hartz thought I'd make such friends of the boys! We didn't know what torments they were! And then she said I'd have friends here; but the girls stand off so—not one of them has called a second time. O Father, Father! I feel so old, and lone, and—"

Who was that smiling up at her? What! Could it be? Yes, the lady was coming in at the gate, and it was—yes, it was—Mrs. Hartz! In another moment Hattie was at the door, and Mrs. Dallas, hearing her bright, affectionate words, wondered if "that could be Hattie." She would have wondered, still more if she had seen the girl, who had seemed so cold and reserved toward her, throw her arms about Mrs. Hartz's neck and burst into a flood of tears. But Mrs. Hartz was not surprised; she could understand better than Mrs. Dallas how very hard her new life seemed to Hattie; yet she did not give her any hope of change.

"I could stand it if it were for a year or two; but—it may go on forever! I see no way out."

"Hattie, did you ever think why you are here?"

"Why? I suppose because I have just enough of an income to dress on, and I pay for my home by being useful. Oh, how I hate it!"

"No; I don't think that is why, because God puts you here. I think you are here to learn something which you could not learn elsewhere; to do something for the dear Lord that no one else can do; and when you have learned the lesson and done the work you may be moved—not before. I'll tell you how it was with me once. When I was first married my father and sister-in-law lived with me. They were not at all congenial; and at first I made myself utterly miserable wishing I could have my home to myself, and so forth. But at last a dear old clergyman told me just what I have told you, and I began to watch and see what I had to learn and what to do. My father-in-law was apt to find fault, and I had to be watchful both to give him less occasion and to take it patiently. And at last, when I was so busy learning my lesson that I had quite forgotten the work I might accomplish, my sister-in-law came to me one day and told me she had decided to try to follow Christ; that I had won her to the decision. Ah, Hattie, how I blessed my old friend! Then, when they were no longer thorns in my side, those two were taken out of my home, and I had my wish: I had my dear husband and children to myself—for a little while."

There was a silence, for the deep crape veil and widow's cap told the rest of the story. "Dear Hattie, if you can but put your heart in your daily life, if you can give up watching for a change, and live each day for Christ's sake, you will be happy, with no young friends, even with teasing nephews and a busy, overtasked sister. Mrs. Dallas is a Christian, is she not?"

"Oh, yes! only I suppose she doesn't think me one."

"Don't be so sure. I've no doubt she is wishing she could brighten you up. It must be hard to see you looking so—sad, shall I say? as you looked when I caught your eye at the window."

Hattie laughed and blushed.

"But am not I keeping you from some duty?"

"Oh, no, indeed!"

"But this is a holiday, and, with the children all home, there must be extra baking, and so on."

Hattie remembered the pudding and cake, and looked conscious. "Ah! I see there is something, and I have another call to make. I shall be in the village for a week or two, so I shall see you again. Good by, dear, and try to learn the lesson and do the work, but —not in your own strength, remember."

"Jeannie, if you'll give me the receipt I'll try to make the pudding and a cake for you," said Hattie, a few minutes later. It was not particularly pleasant work for a hot day, and especially for the fourth, when everybody was "having a good time," as Hattie kept thinking, but when she stepped into the cool sitting-room and found the tired mother asleep, with baby in her arms, Hattie noted the sunken look of her sister's face and was glad to think she had lifted any of the burden from her shoulders.

"I say, mother, can you read to us? It's too hot to be out of doors before tea-time."

"I'll read, Tom," said Hattie quickly; and though Johnny with a child's outspokenness said, "Oh, no, mamma reads best," she would not take offence, but laughingly said she would improve by practice.

The boys leaned against her, and Dick, hot as it was, insisted on sitting on her lap; but she said nothing, only trying her best to amuse, and finding, to her great astonishment, that the afternoon was wonderfully short and Tom was really quite entertaining, telling them anecdotes about his schoolmates and reciting his last "piece."

After tea there was to be an exhibition of fireworks, and, to her wonder, the boys insisted that Aunt Hattie should go too. She forgot to regret her loneliness and need of girl friends as she laughed and joked with the boys, and little Dick's pudgy hand squeezed hers lovingly as they walked home under the starlight. The boys declared she was a "boss aunty"—their highest meed of praise.

Days, weeks and months passed by. Apparently little was changed in the Dallas cottage. The boys romped and shouted as before; Aunt Hattie was called here and there even more than of old, but there was always a pleasant word spoken in answer to each call, always a smile and caress if a request had to be refused; and Hattie's life was not so lonesome, either.

"Mr. Boyd's coming to-night, Aunt Hat," said Tom. "I told him you were just a daisy hand to make sails and I know he's making a splendid little boat for his brother—I guess he wants you to hem the sails."

Mr. and Mrs. Dallas exchanged glances. "I suspect Mr. Boyd wants something besides his sails, Will," said Mrs. Dallas to her husband when they were alone.

"Shouldn't wonder! Well, you'll miss Hattie; she certainly has done wonders with the boys."

"Yes, indeed; Tom adores her, and even Johnny, whose quick temper gets him in trouble with everyone, is as much influenced by Hattie as he is by me. How the girl has improved since last summer! I remember the very first time I noticed a change in her —it was on the fourth. I had worried about her moping as she used to do, but she went out with the boys and came home as bright and happy as she had made them."

In the parlor the same day was referred to. "Do you know when I first saw you, darling?"

"Certainly; at Mrs. Van Amburgh's; I remember it very well," with a vivid blush.

"No, indeed; I might never have noticed you there, for all girls seem alike to me at such receptions; but last fourth of July I saw three boys all gathered about a young girl who was talking and laughing with them as brightly as if she were entertaining young gentlemen of her own age. I thought a girl who could be so sweet and loving to her own little brothers (as I took them to be) was the kind of girl to win, and I watched for a chance to be introduced to the light-haired lassie, and—I have won her, thank God!"

And so, the lesson learned, the work done, Hattie's life was to change; but she left her brother's home with a feeling of regret tempering her joy in her new love, and when troubles and jars come in her married life she remembers the old lesson of her girlhood and says to herself, "Here is a lesson to learn and a work to do, then I will be moved; let me hasten to learn and do."—*Christian Union.*

HARRY AND ARCHIE.

"Come on quick, Hal Strong! there's fun ahead. You know Tom, the fisher? Well, he's going out this afternoon, and he says if we boys will promise not to bother, he'll take us along. There'll be six of us, counting you, if you'll hurry up and come. Say, Hal, will you?"

Ned Green delivered himself of the above with hardly a pause for breath; and then wiping his warm face with a very moist handkerchief, stood looking up at the window from which Harry was leaning, and impatiently awaited a reply. Harry, meanwhile, had been considering.

"It'll be a jolly lark—no end of fun, Ned," he said; "but, you see, there's part of a load of wood to be piled in the back yard, and I promised mother to do it sure before dark."

"Cut the wood!" cried Ned, "it will keep till to-morrow; and you never have time for a frolic, seems to me. I say, Hal, it's a confounded shame!" Harry laughed.

"Cut the wood, eh? That's been already done, but not in the way you mean, old fellow. But hold on, I'll see what mother says." And the bright young face disappeared from the window, while Ned waited at the gate, anxious to be off, and yet too loyal to his friend to leave him in the lurch.

In a few minutes, however, Harry came bounding from the doorway.

"It's all right, Ned; mother's good as pie. She says the wood may wait, and so here I am. Whoop! hurrah!"

Off they went, boy-fashion—leaping, capering, and shouting; and as they go I'll say a few words of Hal. It was seldom the boy had a whole afternoon of play, although he loved a frolic as well as his fellows. But his widowed mother earned her living by her needle, and Harry was obliged to seek such odd jobs as would help her to fill the family purse. So his hours of play were few and far between, but perhaps all the more merry and enjoyable when they came than would otherwise have been the case. A thoroughly good fellow was Harry Strong, and the boys liked him well enough to include him in all their sports whenever it was possible for him to join them.

"I say, Ned Green," said he, as the two went speedily on the road to the beach, "I'm jolly glad for this afternoon of fun. I've just been crazy for a boat-ride for ever so long, and now here's the chance. I'm much obliged, old fellow, for your thinking of me."

"Guess we wouldn't like to go without you, Hal," was Ned's answer, heartily given, and just then the beach shone white and broad before them, while out beyond danced the rippling waters, inviting indeed to those who were gathered there waiting until Tom should dip the water out of his lumbering old boat, and make her ready for passengers.

A cross old chap was Tom, the fisherman, and not often would he allow himself to be bothered by the boys. But once in a while he gathered a few sunbeams within his heart, and warmed a little to the usual entreaties of the coaxing fellows who loved to haunt the beach. So it had happened that on this afternoon he had proven graciously inclined, and ere long the boat was full of little fellows ready and impatient for the "shove-

off." Tom had just bent himself to that effort, and was preparing to jump aboard himself, when a small voice was heard at a little distance which arrested the attention of all. Presently the owner of the voice appeared upon the scene, flushed and eager. Only a small boy to match the voice, but his words came fast as he paused on the beach before the merry crew of the "Nancy."

"Oh, please, my little brother fell down and hurt himself, and—and I can't lift him, and he's crying and crying, and I don't know what I shall do. Please come and help me take him home!" There were tears in the blue eyes of the speaker, and his voice trembled a little, but he did not break down until the last word was spoken, and then with a sob he turned his white, frightened face aside. Harry Strong had started to his feet in generous and speedy response to the call for help, but five voices cried, "Sit down, Hal, don't bother. It may be only a little hurt, and the chap will get home all right, of course."

"But it may be something else besides a little thing," replied Harry. "And I say, fellows, I can't let a boy like that suffer—such a little fellow! I guess I'd better go on shore; eh, Tom?"

Tom growled out his reply, "Shan't wait for you if ye do, Hal Strong. Tide's right now, and I've work to do. Better let the chap go elsewhere for help. Don't believe it's anything but a cry-baby affair, anyhow. Gents' sons are allers such babies! Sarves 'em right to get hurt now and then. Come, I can't wait here any longer. Here goes!"

But Harry's mind was made up. Disappointed as he would be, yet his noble heart was too full of mother-love and mother-teaching to turn his face from the duty of helping any one, friend or stranger, in time of trouble. So with a spring he left the boat and called good-by to the boys, who were so vexed with him, and yet who in their hearts honored him for his conduct.

"Now then, come on, little chap!" cried Harry, as he started on a run up the road, followed by the small boy, whose face brightened wonderfully as he slipped his hand within Harry's. "What's your name?"

"Archie Brown," was the reply. "And me and my brother—we're twin boys, you know—were playin', and a stone fell out of the bank and struck Dick in his leg; and it's a pretty big stone, so I can't lift him up."

The "stone" proved to be a good-sized piece of rock, which had become loosened from the bank above where Archie and Dick had been playing, and had fallen against and upon the latter's little leg, breaking the limb, and keeping the child a prisoner until Harry's strong arms came to the rescue. The twins were strangers in the village, sons of a wealthy man, who had but recently moved from the city. But, save the fact that they were strangers to him, our brave-hearted Harry knew nothing about them, nor did he care to know anything more than where to carry the suffering child. Little Archie gave directions and led the way, and presently the sick boy was lifted from Harry's arms by the father, who also invited Harry to enter the cool, handsome parlor and rest. A little explanation ensued, and then Harry returned to his home and went to work at the wood-pile, after telling his mother all that had happened.

"I almost wish you had gotten away before the little boy came to the beach," said sympathetic mamma, regretting the loss of her boy's sport; but, after all, you did the right thing, darling, and I'm glad you are so unselfish."

It seemed a very long and unusually tiresome afternoon to Harry, although the minutes and hours were all employed usefully. He couldn't keep the feeling of disappointment out of his heart, try as he might; and besides all that, he wasn't by any means sure that he would have another such chance for a good-time.

"But 'there's no use crying after spilled milk,'" quoted Hal to himself at last; and so his face was bright and happy again when, about sunset, he went to the store for his mother on an errand. There he found Tom and the boys, who had returned a few minutes before, and the latter gathered about Harry, eager to tell of the fun they had had and the fish they had caught. And they rallied Harry considerably, too, about "being such a goose as to give up such fun for the sake of helping a chap he didn't even know!"

After he and his companions had left the store, a gentleman who had been making purchases stepped up to the desk and asked a few questions concerning Harry Strong. The storekeeper very willingly answered them all, telling of Harry's kind heart and generous nature, his love for his widowed mother, their straitened circumstances, and all. And when the gentleman had gone, the man, with a good-natured smile to the few loungers in the store, said:

"'Twas that gent's son that Hal Strong helped to-day when he got hurt. Shouldn't wonder, now, if he did something handsome by the lad in return. Anyhow, I thought I'd speak a good word for Hal."

Whether it was because Harry, continuing his acquaintance with little Archie and Dick, grew into the father's favor by his good conduct and entire unconsciousness that he had done any very unselfish or noble thing on that particular afternoon when he gave up his own pleasure for another, or whether it was because of the storekeeper's "good word for Hal," cannot be determined exactly; but at any rate, one morning, about three weeks after Dick's accident, Archie called and begged Harry to go "just a moment" to the beach with him. When the two reached there, what should Harry see but a beautiful little boat dancing up and down on the silvery ripples of the tide, and ready in every particular for a race over the waters so soon as the chain which tied her fast to shore should be loosened.

"Oh, what a beauty!" cried Hal, delightedly. "Is she yours, Archie? May I go out in her some day?"

"Look and see whose she is," replied Archie, jumping about in his endeavor to keep a secret safe within his little lips.

So Harry went closer, and then he too jumped up and down; for there, in gold letters, was the name "Harry Strong," plain enough for anybody to read without glasses.

"Papa gave it to you," explained Archie then, "'cause he thinks you're a noble fellow. He told mamma so—I heard him; and now you have a boat of your own, and Dick won't get hurt again, so you won't lose another sail for us."

Boys are not given to kissing, else Hal would have kissed little Archie; but he took his hand very closely in his own, and together the two ran off to find Archie's father. The boys of Harry's acquaintance met that afternoon and voted thanks, in Harry's name, to the giver of the boat; and so, after all, out of the afternoon of disappointment sprang much pleasure and kind feeling for all.—*The Churchman.*

A SECRET MEETING.

Some time ago, the Rev. Dr. Hill, of Virginia, related the following story: In his youth, he entered Hampden-Sidney College, where, at the time, Christianity was little respected among the classes, and the institution did not contain a single Christian student.

Young Hill did not live a religious life, but he retained religious impressions from the teachings of his mother, who had but recently died. The memory of her life and words thrust itself upon him in all his associations, and the scoffings and profane fun of his classmates of serious things disturbed his conscience.

He endured this for a long time, till it became a question whether he would quite give himself up to the influences which surrounded him, or make a serious effort to resist them. He had no Bible. He did not like to procure one for fear he should be ridiculed. At last, from a friendly family in the neighborhood, he borrowed a religious book. It was the work of a Scottish minister, and full of plain and holy truths.

Young Hill took his first opportunity to read it, first locking his door, and hoping he should not be disturbed. Before long, a student clamored so boisterously for admission that he was obliged to let him in. The book lay on the bed, and the visitor took it up and looked at it with surprise.

"Hill, do you read such books?"

Momentary cowardice made the young man hesitate, but he mastered himself, and replied, "Yes, I do."

"Well," said the fellow-student, with unexpected emotion, "you may be a Christian, but I can't. I came here a professor of religion, but I struck my colors, and went over to the enemy."

They had some further conversation, and Hill learned that there were two other well-disposed fellows in the college who might welcome his confidence, and finally it was decided to invite them to his room.

The four young men met and tried to hold a religious meeting. It was a new thing to them all. Their efforts were crude and incoherent enough, but they were sincere.

Their attempt to sing attracted listeners, and then the storm burst. A mob of students crowded the hall, and the uproar was such that the college officers had to come and disperse them.

That evening at chapel prayers the President enquired the cause of the disturbance, and learned the truth. He assured young Hill and his three friends that they should be protected.

"You shall hold your next meeting in my parlor," said he, "and I will be one of your number."

Saturday came again, and the meeting at the President's house was attended not only by the four students, but by half the college. That was the beginning of a work that swept through the institution. Ridicule and reckless impiety were silenced, and scorners became worshippers.

The influence of the new religious life in the college spread through all the town and into the surrounding country: but its most interesting results were in the young men who first felt its power, and who had their long future before them. Some of these, like Dr. Hill himself, became clergymen, and the student who interrupted Hill in his reading became President of a college in the West.

So did one good old book, cherished in secret by a single hungry heart—a little good amidst a great deal of evil—make itself felt, and prove a seed of large blessing. —*Youth's Companion.*

CECIL'S FIRST FLEECE.

Little Cecil loved the Sabbath-school, and when his parents moved to Kansas, and he learned there was none near there, he was inconsolable. His father at length took pity upon his little boy, and commenced a Sabbath-school at home for him and his sister.

One day the school was commenced with their usual exercises, and Cecil stepped up to his father and recited this verse, "The first fruit also of thy corn, of thy wine, and of thine oil, and the first of the fleece of thy sheep, shalt thou give to him." Then he asked: What is the first fleece, father?"

His father explained by telling him that the Israelites gave the first crop of a new piece of land, the first fruit of their trees, and their fleeces, to God, and after that the greater part of their crops, fruit, wool, &c., was theirs.

"Did they have to do so?" asked Cecil.

"Yes, God told them to, and they would have been very ungrateful and wicked if they had not obeyed. God gave them all these things in the first place, and if they were really grateful for them, they would love to give a part of them back to him.

Cecil sat very still while his sister was reciting her lessons, and then said, "Father, aren't you going to shear my sheep this week?"

"Yes, my son."

"Won't that be my first fleece?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want to give it to God, and wait until next year for my new coat. May I, father?"

"Yes, my son," said his father, "and if you always give your first fleece to God, you will never want for necessary clothing."—*Child's World.*

GERONIMO, THE ARAB MARTYR.

Many hundred years ago an intelligent Arab boy was taken to England and educated, and became a Christian. In mature manhood he returned to Algiers and sought the conversion of his fellow-men in Algeria to the Christian faith, incurring thereby the displeasure of the more powerful followers of Mohammed. It chanced that the Dey of Algiers was building a moele or dock about the same time, and one day he summoned Geronimo before him, and told him he might choose between renouncing the Christian faith and the alternative of being buried in the concrete rock-work of the moele. He refused to forego his faith, and the Dey ordered his followers to seize and bind him with ropes, which was done accordingly. Once more he was asked to return to the faith of his ancestors, and refused. "Then let the Christian dog die," said the Dey; and Geronimo was thrown into the moele, and concrete poured upon him until he was seen no more. Three centuries after, when the French had become the owners of the province, it became necessary to rebuild the moele, and the work of removing it was begun. A certain antiquary, who owned a book in which the mode of Geronimo's death was described, called attention to the manner of it, and suggested working carefully until the supposed location of the remains of Geronimo were reached, and then pouring liquid plaster into the place, hoping thus to get a cast of the body, should the story prove true as regarded the manner of the martyrdom and the place where the body lay. When the mould had been allowed time to set in the opening, it was broken out carefully, and the exact semblance of a human form, lying horizontally and bound with cords, was found; and to-day I have seen this mould in the Museum of Algiers, in the original position, face downward. The body has marks of many contusions caused by falling stones, but is otherwise quite perfect, especially the face, which is characteristically Arabian.

IN THE STREET.—A gentleman visited an unhappy man in jail, awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home-education. My street-education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house, and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer, and to do all evil. O sir! it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

A MEAN life is only the dark shadow of a mean theory of life. The devil is cunning enough to upset a man's notions of honor on the first step toward upsetting his actions.

Question Corner.—No. 19.

ANSWERS to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR, NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

217. How many people were saved from the destruction of Sodom?
218. On what mount was Abraham told by God to offer up his son Isaac?
219. What house was many years after erected on this spot and by whom was it built?
220. In what place did Sarah die and where was she buried?
221. Where was the first monument erected to the memory of the dead, and to whom was it erected?
222. In what place in Europe was the Gospel first preached by Paul?
223. What first led Paul to go to preach in Macedonia?
224. Who was Paul's companion after he parted with Barnabas?
225. What king was reigning at the time of the revolt of the ten tribes?
226. How long did David reign in Hebron before Jerusalem was taken from the Jebusites?
227. In what battle were Saul and his son Jonathan killed?
228. By whom were their bodies buried?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

193. Moses, Ex. iii. 1, 3.
194. On Mount Horeb, Ex. iii. 1, 2.
195. Elijah, 1 Kings xix. 8.
196. He went in the strength of the food given him by the angel. 1 Kings xix. 5, 8.
197. Elisha, 2 Kings ii. 9, 15.
198. Elisha, 2 Kings viii. 7.
199. See Exodus xiii. 14, 15.
200. The tribe of Levi, Num. iii. 12.
201. The house of Bread.
202. Rachel, Gen. xlviii. 7.
203. David, 1 Sam. xvi. 1.
204. To the tribe of Judah.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Horse-man.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 17.—Ada L. Potts, 12; Ethel Montford, 11; W. H. Simmons, 3.

To No. 18.—Maggie Sutherland, 12 en; Alice Alberta Hamilton, 12 en; Bella Francis, 12 en; Pamelia Simpson, 6; Herbert W. Hewitt, 12; Mary E. Coates, 12; Cora M. McIntire, 11; W. H. Simmons, 8; William C. Wickham, 7; Jessie Cairns, 11; John Cairns, 11.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON II.

OCT. 10..]

JACOB AND ESAU.

Gen. 27: 22-40.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 38-40.

22. And Jacob went near unto Isaac his father; and he felt him, and said, The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

23. And he discerned him not, because his hands were hairy, as his brother Esau's hands: so he blessed him.

24. And he said, Art thou my very son Esau? And he said, I am.

25. And he said, Bring it near to me, and I will eat of my son's venison, that my soul may bless thee. And he brought it near to him, and he did eat: and he brought him wine and he drank.

26. And his father Isaac said unto him, Come near now, and kiss me, my son.

27. And he came near, and kissed him: and he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed:

28. Therefore God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine:

29. Let people serve thee, and nations bow down to thee: be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee: cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee.

30. And it came to pass as soon as Isaac had made an end of blessing Jacob, and Jacob yet scarce gone out from the presence of Isaac his father, that Esau his brother came in from his hunting.

31. And he also had made savory meat, and brought it unto his father, and said unto his father, Let my father arise, and eat of his son's venison, that thy soul may bless me.

32. And Isaac his father said unto him, Who art thou? And he said, I am thy son, thy first-born Esau.

33. And Isaac trembled very exceedingly, and said, Who? where is he that hath taken venison, and brought it me, and I have eaten of all before thou camest, and have blessed him? yea, and he shall be blessed.

34. And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Bless me, even me also, O my father.

35. And he said, Thy brother came with subtilty, and hath taken away thy blessing.

36. And he said, Is not he rightly named Jacob? for he hath supplanted me these two times: he took away my birthright; and, behold, now he hath taken away my blessing. And he said, Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me?

37. And Isaac answered and said unto Esau, Behold I have made him thy lord, and all his brethren have I given to him for servants; and with corn and wine have I sustained him: and what shall I do now unto thee, my son?

38. And Esau said unto his father, Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless me, even me also, O my father. And Esau lifted up his voice and wept.

39. And Isaac his father answered and said unto him, Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above;

40. And by thy sword shalt thou live, and shalt serve thy brother; and it shall come to pass when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil.—Prov. 4:27.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's providence witnesses against sin in His people.

NOTE.—JA-COB, "heel-catcher, supplanter:" the son of Isaac and twin-brother of Esau: bought his brother's birthright for a "mess of pottage;" by suggestion of his mother Rebekah, he secured the blessing intended for Esau; fled to Padan-aram; served seven years to gain Leah for his wife, and seven more for Rachel, daughters of Laban; had twelve sons; finally removed into Egypt after his son Joseph had become a ruler in that country, and there died.—E-SAU, "hairy:" eldest son of Isaac and twin-brother of Jacob; of wild, roving character, like the present Bedouins of the desert; sold his birthright; married against the wishes of his parents; lost the intended blessing of his father; his descendants were called Edomites.—THE SMELL OF A FIELD. Some suppose this refers to the fragrance produced by aromatic plants, flowers, fruit, and spices which grew in abundance, and with which the garments of Esau might have been perfumed by coming in contact with them, as a hunter would be very likely to do. When the Israelites desired leave to pass through the territory of Edom, the country abounded with fruitful fields and vineyards (Num. 20: 17). "All Arabia exhales fragrant odors."—*Herodotus.*

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) A BLESSING OBTAINED BY DECEPTION. (II.) A BLESSING OBTAINED BY SUPPLICATION.

I. A BLESSING OBTAINED BY DECEPTION.—(22.) FELT HIM, for the voice was not like Esau's; and in Isaac's blindness, he must trust to his hearing and the sense of touch. (23.) HANDS WERE HAIRY, Esau was noted as a "hairy man." (24) ART.... VERY SON ESAU? Isaac, still in doubt, appealed to the honesty and sincerity of Jacob, who, deceived him. (28.) DEW.... CORN AND WINE, the copious fall of the dew, the multitudes of vineyards, and the variety of "corn,"—that is, grain; as wheat, barley, oats and rye,—are things for which Palestine was famous.

II. A BLESSING BY SUPPLICATION.—(32.) WHO ART THOU? Jacob's fraud soon discovered his father alarmed; his brother angry. (33.) HE SHALL BE BLESSED, the blessing a prophetic act, and could not be recalled. (34.) EXCEEDING BITTERCRY, his repentance should have come when he sold his birthright; now the right was not his. (39.) FATNESS OF THE EARTH, great temporal prosperity. (40.) BY THY SWORD, a picture of the roving character of the Edomites and of the present Bedouins; BREAK HIS YOKE, this came to pass in the reign of Joram; up to that time the Edomites had usually paid tribute to the Israelites, after the latter entered Canaan.

> "Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
> When first we practise to deceive".
> —*Walter Scott.*

ILLUSTRATION.—The event in this lesson is introduced by, "When Isaac was old" (v. 1.) which interpreters say he was one hundred and thirty-seven years old—the age at which Ishmael had died fourteen years before, and perhaps the death of his brother had put Isaac in mind of his own death.

The plan of Jacob's mother is introduced at verse 6. Rebekah loved Jacob, while Esau had led a wild life, having married a Canaanitish wife, to add to the grief of his parents. Probably Rebekah also knew that Jacob had purchased Esau's birthright, and believing that the father's benediction would surely bring blessings with it, she fears that her hopes for Jacob will fail. "She believed, but not with that faith which can patiently wait for God to work out His plans through His providence; so she attempted to force her wishes into an accomplished fact by unlawful means. Neither her course, nor that of Jacob in yielding to her deceitful plans, can be justified, and Jacob suffered for his part in the act by being made an exile from home for nearly a score of years."

BLESSINGS.

J	Dew of heaven,
A	Fatness of earth,
C	Corn and wine,
O	RULE OVER NATIONS.
B	BRETHREN.
E	Dew of heaven,
S	Fatness of earth,
A	Living by the sword,
U	Subject to Breaking yoke of HIS BROTHER.

LESSON III.

OCT. 17.]

JACOB AT BETHEL.

Gen. 28: 10-22.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 12-16.

10. And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.

11. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

12. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

13. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

14. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

15. And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again unto this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

16. And Jacob awakened out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.

17. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

18. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.

19. And he called the name of that place Bethel: but the name of that city was called LUZ at the first.

20. And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on,

21. So that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God:

22. And this stone which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.—Gen. 28: 15.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Lord strengthens the souls of His people.

NOTES.—BEER-SHEBA, "well of oath," or "of seven," an ancient place in the extreme south of Palestine, twenty-five miles south of Hebron; first named by Abraham, and renamed by Isaac, and where the latter dug wells. There are now two wells with water, and five other smaller ones at that place. The larger wells have several ancient stone troughs around them to water flocks and herds. Beersheba retains its ancient name *Bir-es-sheba.*—BETH-EL, "House of God." The comforting vision of the heavenly ladder shown to Jacob assured him of the providence of God. (Heb. 1: 14.) It was also an assurance that there was a way open from earth to heaven, as well as from heaven to earth. The town was twelve miles north of Jerusalem, and noted in later history for the worship of the golden calf set up by Jeroboam. It is now in ruins, and called *Beitin.*—LUZ and Bethel were two separate places for Jacob had not slept in the city, but in the field or upon the mountain, in the open air. Generally, the whole region was called Luz, in the time of the Canaanites, but Bethel at the time of the Israelites.—LADDER. The ladder (or stairway) might only indicate that there was a way from God to man; and that there was a continual providence watching over the servants of God. .... but we cannot doubt that there was a deeper meaning in the vision than vouchsafed to the heir of the promises .... Our Lord Himself teaches that the ladder signified the Son of Man.... who is the way to heaven, and who has now gone there to prepare a place for us.—*Speaker's Commentary.*—PILLAR, AND POURED OIL. This was probably the most ancient and simplest form of temple or place for religious worship: excepting the altar of stones or earth for a burnt sacrifice; whether this is the first example of such an erection, we cannot judge. It was a very natural and obvious way of marking the sanctity of a spot; as, in Christian times, wayside crosses and the like have been set us so frequently. The pouring oil on it was a significant rite .. St. Augustine says that it was not that he might sacrifice to the stone or worship it, but that as Christ is named from *chrism,* or unction, so there was a great mystery in this anointing of the stone with oil. The constant connection in religious thought between unction and sanctification seems a more probable solution of the question.—*Speaker's Commentary.*

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE LADDER. (II.) THE PROMISES. (III.) A TENTH TO GOD.

I. JACOB'S LADDER.—(10.) WENT OUT, his departure from home was a flight to escape his brother's anger.—BEER-SHEBA. (11.) STONES.... (see Notes.) (11.) STONES.... PILLOWS, a not unusual custom in the East, as the Japanese now use wooden pillows. (12.) A LADDER, or, as some suppose, "a gigantic mountain pile," or possibly a stairway; the purpose of the vision was to give Jacob assurance that heaven was near, even to a fugitive in heathen land. ANGELS, going on errands of mercy to earth. (13.) THE LORD STOOD. Jacob was further assured by the vivid and presence of the Lord himself dying Stephen saw Him standing on the right hand of God. "Faith is the ladder of Jacob reaching from earth to heaven."—*Chrysostom.* "The shining stairway of prayer leads even from the meanest spot on earth to the throne of grace."—*Schaff*

II. THE PROMISES.—(17.) AFRAID, fear is used in two senses in Scripture: holy fear or reverence, such as the Christian feels when impressed with the majesty and glory of God; and fear, such as the sinner feels under a sense of his offences, here it means the former. Very true HOUSE OF GOD it also, as such, a gate of heaven, though we may be found by every saint; DREADFUL, awful; (see EX. 3: 5; SET UP STONE, a common practice still in the East, to mark a spot where a vow is made. BETHEL.... LUZ, (see Notes.)

III. A TENTH TO GOD.—(20.) JACOB VOWED A VOW (see Lev. 27: 30); giving is a part of worship as well as prayer; OF GOD, some regard this as distrust of God by Jacob; but the "since" be put in place of "if," and it will be a proper expression of Jacob's faith in the promises just made; BE GOD'S HOUSE, mark a sacred spot for communion with God; GIVE THE TENTH, this afterward became a law to Israel.

GOD	JACOB	LAND, CHILDREN, BLESSINGS.
PROMISES		
JACOB	GOD	SERVICE, WORSHIP, TITHES.

TWO PATHS.

An English lady having been asked as to the propriety of attending on Sunday an exhibition of Bible pictures, replied with an illustration which illuminates a wide range of duties. She said:

Along the South Downs are two paths, one a very few inches from the edge of the cliff, another about two yards off. Many have walked, and walked safely, along the first path, but it was dangerous.

One step to the left, and they would have fallen, perhaps several hundred feet, to the sea below; or, if a piece of loosened rock suddenly separated from the other parts, it would have carried the person who chanced to be treading it down, down with it, into the abyss.

Many, too, and I among them, have trodden the path farther in; we had as pleasant a view, with this great distinction from the more danger-loving passengers, we were safe; if we took a step to the left, we were still on solid ground; if the edge were jagged, or even a huge mass of rock fell, we only saw unevenness, or felt a slight shock.

A gust of wind could not hurt us over, neither would sudden giddiness send us rolling down the precipice.

Which path was best, was wisest, was safest? "The last," you say? Yet both have been walked without accident.

I do not lay down a rule that every one would be doing wrong in going to see a collection of pictures illustrating the Bible on Sunday, but I do say there is a South Down called Sunday; it is high above the six miles of the country surrounding it; along the edge is written, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

There are two paths, one called "religious pleasure," the other, "hours for God alone." Which is the happiest, the safest, the wisest, the best?

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